

# **GREENBOOK**

**1954**























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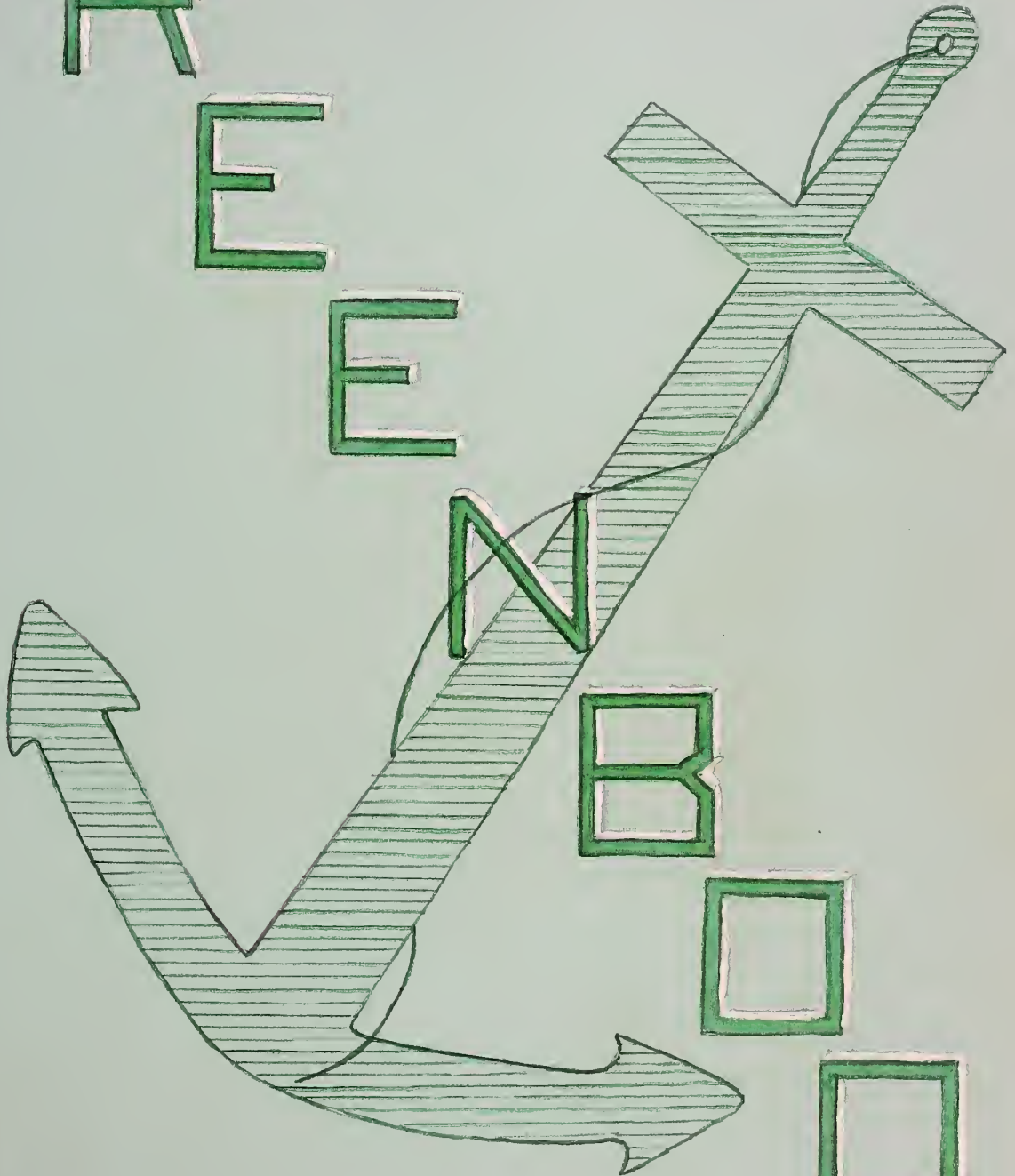
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To one who,

Is lifted above the crowd by stature, both of  
body and of soul, yet is ever ready to stoop to the  
level of our interests and our needs, who has played  
a vital part in orienting this Class of 1957 to life,  
and to our cruise through E.W.C.,

we gratefully dedicate this Greenbook to

JASPER R. HAYLOR.





# EDITORIAL

In September of 1953 construction was again begun, in the harbor of E.N.C., on a new vessel. She was to be strong, staunch, and seaworthy, built according to most accurate specifications.

Experienced workmen busily constructed the framework of finest steel. Experts in welding fitted together each intricate part. Ballast was sunk into the hold in order that the Good Ship might keep an even keel during the voyage.

When the structure was completed, fittings were added to give service and artistry to the vessel.

All the work of construction done so thoroughly and painstakingly by the workmen had the constant supervision of the Master Builder whose "eye neither slumbers nor sleeps."

At length the day has come for the launching of the ship. The finishing touches have been given to the Class of 1957, and she is ready to set sail on her three year course.

Adapting the words of Henry W. Longfellow, we would say,

"Sail on, O Good Ship, strong and great!  
We know what Master laid thy keel, what workmen wrought thy ribs of steel, who made each mast and sail and rope, what anvils rang,





what hammers beat, in what a forge and what a  
heat, were shaped the anchors of thy hope!...  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar, in spite  
of false lights on the shore, sail on, nor  
fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes,  
are all with thee; our hearts, our hopes, our  
prayers, our tears, our faith triumphant o'er  
our fears, are all with thee--are all with  
thee!"

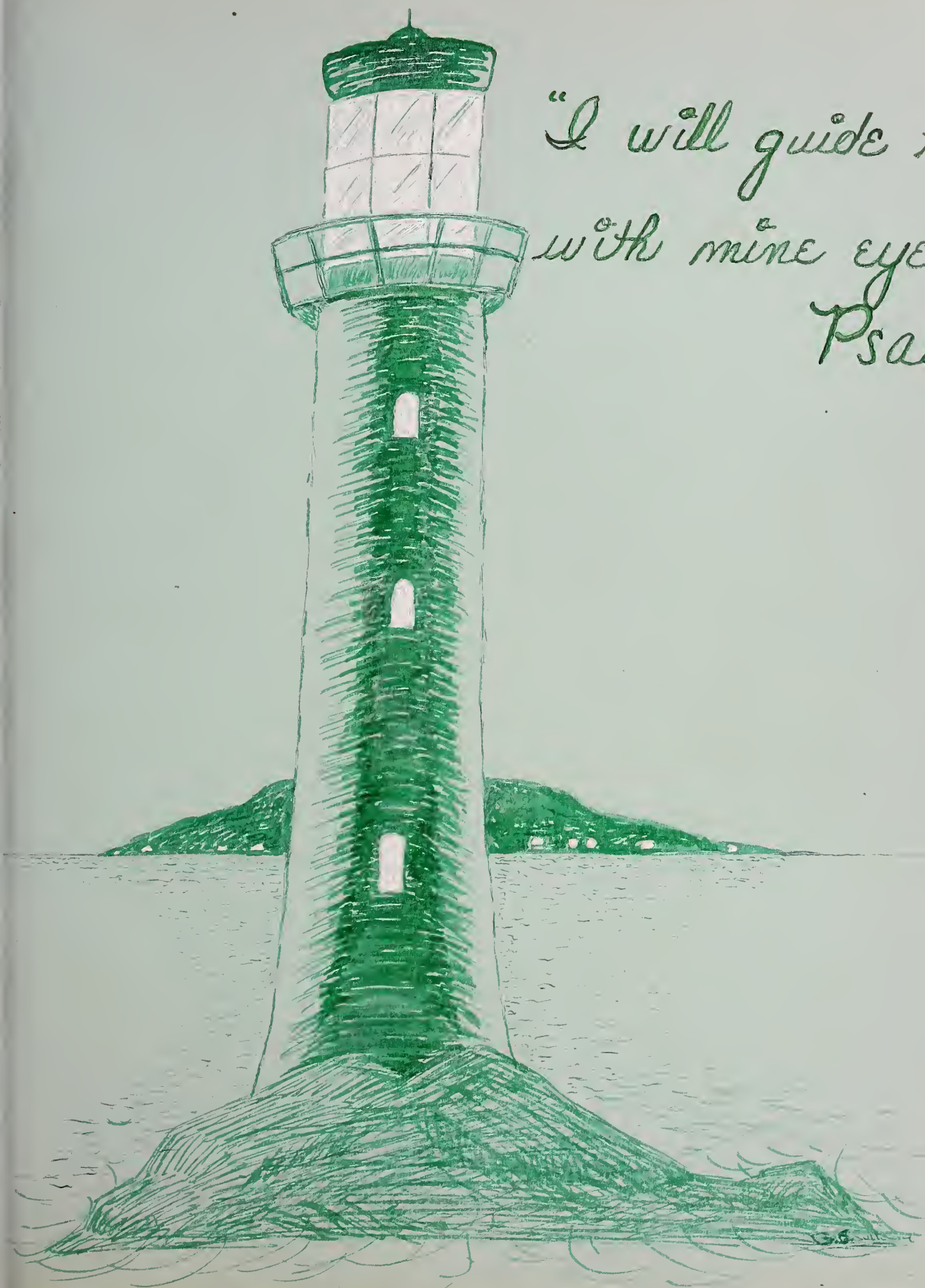


*Maylan Williamson*

Editor-in-Chief







*"I will guide thee  
with mine eye"*

*Psalm 32:8*





# E. N. C. VIA KOREA

I was there last year at this time. There? In a trench on the west-central front of Korea. I was only one of many men fighting in what seemed to be an endless battle for a little lump of mother earth called "the Hook." There wasn't much time then for reminiscing during those long nights and short days. But even so, I would often find myself thinking of home like all the other men for there wasn't much else keeping us alive. There was a special day I can remember when I received my Campus Camera, my only connection with two happy years spent at E. N. C. It meant much to me to be able, for a few short minutes, to drift back over the ocean to the shady walks beneath the foliage.

I could still remember the old gang: the benders; the burning of the midnight oil; the A Cappella choir trips; those mountains of endless potatoes I used to peel; the early morning hours waxing the Ad building floors; the devotions; the hours spent at the door of the girls' dorm; yes, all pleasant memories. I also often thought of how I had majored in extra-activities and minored in my studies. That was a condemning memory.

It was during this time I vowed to myself that if ever the Lord granted me a pardon from this land, I would return to E. N. C. and try to erase not the happy





but the fruitless years I had spent.

I am back once again by the Grace of God with a new vision. It is my fervent wish that I may fulfill my vow. I pray to God for guidance in these days of testing.







# MESSIAH

By a PARTICIPANT

The majority of my evenings the last two weeks were spent practicing for the annual presentation of the "Messiah". Every time I got near the place to rehearse and thought of this oratorio by George Frederick Handel, I got chills up and down my spine.

Neither night of the "Messiah" was I in a mood to sing until after Mr. Harvey had sung the first note of his solos "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God," and "Every valley shall be exalted."

Following the solos, the choir started singing "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." How thrilling this was to my heart! I completely lost myself in the song.

The rest of the choruses were thrilling too, but the one song that does most to stir my emotions is the "Hallelujah Chorus." How one man could write such a terrific piece, let alone the whole oratorio, I'll never understand. There are no words in any language to express the magnificence of this piece of work.

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah!"





# MESSIAH

By a LISTENER

Friday night I attended The Messiah. The solos and the group choruses were wonderful, but my mind kept wandering toward the end of the program where a song, which to me climaxes The Messiah, was to be sung. Dave poked me saying, "Here's what you've been waiting for."

I stood with the rest of the crowd to listen to the "Hallelujah Chorus." Each time I have heard it, it has meant more to me, and I was thrilled as the words "Hallelujah, for the Lord Omnipotent reigneth" struck a responding chord in my heart. "And he shall reign forever and ever." What a glorious thought that the Christ we serve shall reign as "King of Kings and Lord of Lords" through the endless span of eternity! As the last "Hallelujah" rang in my ears, I realized more than ever what a wonderful Jesus I serve.

Donna Webb







# CHAPEL

How well I remember my first chapel service on our campus! It is as clear as if it had been yesterday. It was all I had been told it would be - - meaningful to me, and definitely inspirational.

I admit that some of the force with which it struck me was due to its newness. But nevertheless, today it means as much to me as ever.

This was three years ago - my first year at E. N. C. as an Academy student. As I sat in chapel service on that first day here, I remember so well the autumn sun streaming through the windows. And I felt, as I worshipped, as though I was all sunshine inside. The music was beautiful, and so impressive! There seemed to be a sacred hush about me. And so often there were good messages, whose value could not be questioned.

Today, the chapel services at E. N. C. mean as much as then, and sometimes more. Many times I find myself eager for that "break" in the morning's routine - the time of strengthening. Chapel is a high spot in my morning, whether it be the spirit of Dean Munro's prayer, or Prof. Naylor's jovial manner.

As far as I can see, the chapel services have lost none of their vitality. To me, they are still a break, a change; but more than that they are a help - a challenge.



And these values I feel I shall always be in need of, as I am now. For this reason, I have no doubt that the time on my daily schedule which is called "chapel time" will always be looked for and deeply appreciated, and in the years to come, after I have left school - never to be forgotten.

*Dale Wanner*

Thinking of tomorrow's burden merely makes today's heavier. Live one day and make it count for something rather than live two days and make them count for nothing.

*Joan Stetson*





# GLORIFYING GOD

I remember reading some time ago an impressive story about a boy, Sam, who lived in England. One day Sam heard a special speaker at a church service say that a Christian was one who tried to do his best at whatever he was doing and who did it for Jesus' sake. It was Sam's task Saturday nights to polish the shoes of everyone in the family a chore which he thoroughly despised. Well, on the Saturday after he had heard the message, as he put down his father's shoes he asked himself, "How would they look on Jesus' feet?" Quickly he seized them again and polished them until he was completely satisfied. This was the turning point of Sam's life. Since reading the story, its deep meaning has often influenced my actions. Are what I am doing and the way I am doing it really glorifying God?

*Ronald Trickett*







# THE MAYOR IS SAVED

The mayor walked authoritatively up the ramp and paused at the door to wave to the photographer before entering the plane. Behind him was a short, shy looking old man who was the last to get on. The little man was awed--not by the mayor, though, for he didn't recognize him, but by the hugeness and the roar of the plane. The mayor beamed a benevolent smile upon the gathering of citizens.

Forty minutes later as the mayor sat busily reading, the little man looked up to see the co-pilot coming forward swiftly. He announced that they were turning back because trouble had developed in the fuel line and that the passengers should fasten their safety belts because they might not make it to the airport and would have to crash land.

Everyone watched the ground come closer and closer as they lost altitude. The scene in the little enclosure became one of grief and restrained panic. A young woman was crying softly, a little girl was staring wild-eyed, a middle-aged business man grew pale, an elderly woman was crying, "God help us! God help us!", the mayor was shifting uneasily, his eyes a bit wide, and the little man behind appeared to be calm and thoughtful. Another thing, too, about him; he seemed to be silently moving



his lips.

Suddenly the earth flew into their faces. There was a terrible but short roar, then blackness, smoke, a dim light, and shadows of wreckage everywhere.

The mayor pulled himself loose and lunged blindingly forward, crying with panic, "Where's the door?" as he passed the young woman frantically trying to pull her mother from under a crushed seat. Looking ahead the mayor saw a dim light and made his way desperately forward and out the door into the open where he noticed were two people lying unconscious on the ground. Soon the meek little man, barely recognizable, stumbled out with the little girl now limp in his arms. As the mayor wiped away the perspiration from his brow the little man dashed into the burning plane. The mayor then heard three sounds: a woman's scream of agony, a huge explosion a few seconds later, and then the wailing sirens of the rescue squad coming from the nearby town.

The radios blared. The newspapers were eagerly read. And the city gave thanks that night that God had saved their good mayor.

*Jim Wampler*





# A BOYHOOD HERO

I sat twisting nervously in my seat as the tall husky-voiced assistant principal called out names of pupils assigned to various rooms.

"Paul German!" he croaked. I nearly jumped out of my seat.

All of us new pupils had been taken to a large room to await the assigning of seats. Feeling very much alone, I looked about the room at the others. They were new and scared too. All their faces looked like bland blobs except for one which stood out from the others. It was the face of a blonde, well poised boy built like a weight lifter. I was immediately fascinated by his nonchalant attitude. Coolly he leaned against the blackboard, whistling to himself. Upon the arrival of the teacher we were all seated alphabetically. To my immense joy the boy's name was Forbes, and he sat next to me. In all my sheltered twelve years I had never met such a seemingly debonair and sophisticated person. He affected me as Steerforth had affected David Copperfield.

My grammar school days were spent under severe discipline.. When it came to fear, the Trinity came first, then teachers. My new friend, Tom, regarded them all as mere mortals without awe. Nothing impressed him--



conferences, principals, or ever faculty meetings.

Even after the most severe lectures Tom would be in the middle of the excitement, convulsing us all with his wit. His magnetic personality kept him in school.

It was my privilege to lend Tom all my homework. My reward was Tom's knowledge of my presence. I followed him through the halls, laughing at his jokes, jumping at any chance to do him a favor, and rose to heights of sublime bliss each time he noticed me.

Tom was an excellent football player. Although he was sixteen years old, he managed to get on the junior high school football team. I never missed a game, and when Tom would take the ball my heart would nearly burst with pride. Tom was my ideal, my dream of perfection personified. Whatever he did was right; his words were much wiser than those of Confucius. Sometimes during a free period he would tell me about himself, and the things he did.

"Why in the world can't I do anything?" I would ask when I got home from school. Actually, I didn't need to ask. I could plainly see that my parents were two selfish ancients who couldn't stand the thought of a fellow having a good time. Tom has so much fun and excitement.





During the winter Tom's absences became more and more frequent. One day he walked in, stacked his books on a shelf, and with a dramatic wave said goodbye to us all. To me it was like the farewell of Napoleon to his troops, a glorious exit; Tom would always be my hero.

Six years later I saw Tom at a baseball game in the park. He had large tattoos on both arms and was sitting on a motorcycle. His hands were grimy and he seemed much smaller than I had remembered him. As I talked to him I noticed that his interests hadn't changed much during the past six years. He still worked at the same filling station, ran with the same crowd.

"We had a lot of fun back there, didn't we?" he said with a smile that showed several decayed teeth. I looked at his hard face, remembering the time when he represented all that was to be desired, and recalling how I longed to emulate him. He sat there on his Harley-Davidson, his main goal in life to buy a bigger motorcycle and to have a big time. He hadn't progressed at all since he left the seventh grade. His glamour was gone, his ambition almost reached; he was destined to fill gas tanks all his life.

"Yes," I answered, "We had a lot of fun, but I've learned a few things since then."

*Stan Gorman*



# I LOST A REAL PAL

Heartsickness, loneliness, and a yearning for something that was not to be found seemed to paralyze my whole body with a stunning chill as I pressed the door-bell.

The mortuary attendant opened the door. Slowly I walked in.

"He's in the room on the right", the attendant said.

After signing a book I entered the room. There were a few other kids gathered around the casket. They were students from my sixth grade class.

After a few moments everyone left and I found myself alone.

I glanced at the ghastly form lying in its silky bed. The name, Richard Bauden, was engraved on the Bible which he held in his hand.

As I gazed upon the cold form, the enchanting words that I used to hear echoed in my memory.

"Bobbie, can you come out and play?"

"Be right out, Rich," I would yell back.

After a scolding for eating my breakfast so hurriedly and a promise to mother that I would mow the lawn the next day, we would be on our way.

"Richard, where will we go today?"

"Let's go visit the old coal mine and later we





can swing on our favorite grape vine," he would reply.

Playing in the old coal mine and swinging on the grape vine were only half the fun. We had dams to build at the creek, cops and robbers to play, and also the old salt mill to explore.

These adventures went on week after week until one Saturday when Richard never called for me.

It was that afternoon while delivering my papers on River View Avenue that I noticed a small crowd gathered on the river bank.

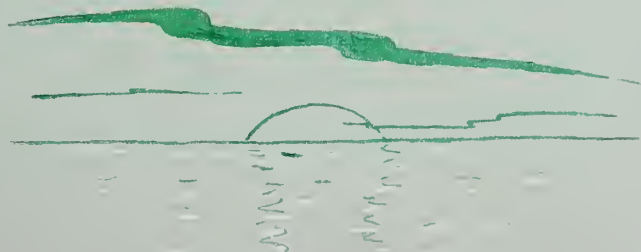
It took only seconds to find that Richard had drowned and the men were on the river dragging for him.

The whispering of the other people entering the mortuary awoke me out of my daze.

"Come on! Wake up, Rich. Let's go play," was my heart's cry as I looked the last time at his helpless body.

I went directly home after paying my respects. Mother shared my sorrows with me. She, too, knew that I had lost a real pal.

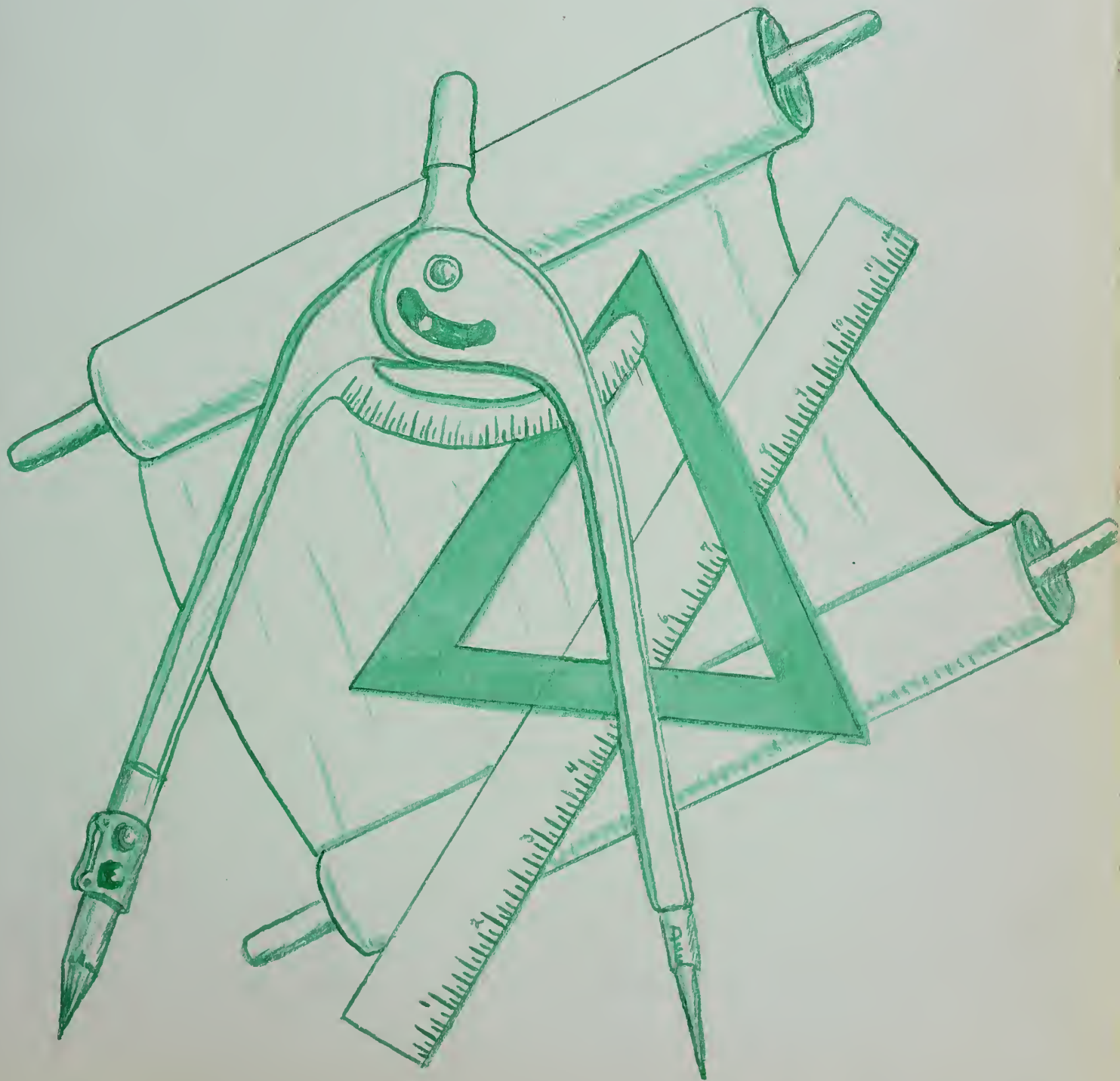
*Robert Lynch*





I will instruct thee and teach  
thee

Psalm 32:8







# QUAINT, PICTURESQUE

Way out at the very tip of T Wharf is a quaint little eating place called the Blue Ship Tea Room. To get to the Blue Ship you go out T Wharf as far as one can. The building is old and dilapidated. The stench of the harbor irritates your nostrils. There is a small sign reading "Blue Ship Tea Room - Upstairs." You begin your climb up the rickety old stairs of the tumbledown frame building. When you reach the top you hesitate before entering as questions like these race through your mind:

Can this possible be the place that was so vividly described to me? Where it was said I would "enjoy the transcendental atmosphere?"

Finally you screw up enough courage to step inside. Immediately all doubts about its being an excellent place for dining leave.

You are seated at a small table near one of the large windows overlooking the harbor. The beautiful candle whose spindly holder has become fat with multi-colored wax is lighted. The flame flickers casting grotesque shadows that play about the crude room that is so picturesque. You note the tiny fishing nets that cradle colorful specimens of sea life, colorful glass orbs enclosed in miniature fishing nets hang from the ceiling and the many green plants add the final touch. The notes of a beau-



tiful Chopin nocturne close in upon you like evening itself, becoming lively and fanciful then ebbing to tranquil silence. Looking at the menu you discover that the pianist is Russell Blake Howe who will continue to recreate the music of Chopin, Liszt, and Beethoven throughout the dinner hour. The menu lists such delicacies as fresh crabmeat cocktail, fillet mignon smothered with mushrooms imported Norwegian whale steak, and fresh crabmeat salad with hard sauce. When your plate is brought you realize that this is truly the finest of food, and glancing out the window you conceive that that you have a "sea gull's view of historic Boston Harbor." Indeed this is "oldest Boston at its best."

*David Johnson*







# THE LESSON

It was a balmy spring afternoon. One of those days when you just can't wait to get out of school. We were supposed to be reading Treasure Island, but even that seemed dull. So it was that we invented pastimes to speed the hours. Everything was quiet for awhile. Then zing, one of those pastimes flew by and hit someone behind the ears. A sly turn of the head, a grin of revenge, and the war was on.

Before long one of the pastimes flew past the teacher's desk and the inquisition was on.

"Johnny," Miss Lampman began, "who threw that?"

"Raymond did," he said.

"Raymond, why were you shooting paper wads?"

"Because Johnny hit me first," he pleaded.

"Is that true, Johnny?"

"Yes," he said like a rabbit in an eagle's claws.

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, I was really trying to hit Bobbie and I missed."

"Bobbie," said Miss Lampman.

"Yes," I shot it at Johnny first, but Henry--."

So it went on until soon all eight of us-- yes, there were eight boys in our class-- confessed like little criminals.



No sentence was given us and we were puzzled until time to go home.

"You dislike staying after school," Miss Lampman said at last, "so I won't keep you. But since you like to make paper wads so much, I'm going to give you an extra assignment. Each of you is to bring a quart jar full of them tomorrow and we'll have a little party."

That evening I began folding paper wads. The novelty soon wore off as the hours passed. I never had appreciated the capacity of a quart. But that was just the beginning. When 11:30 rolled around the next morning Miss Lampman calmly said, "Girls, you may go to lunch now. The boys are going to stay and have their party."

We began shooting papers in every direction. Soon I was rediscovering the capacity of the quart, and it wasn't much fun with the teacher watching you. She helped though. From time to time she would grab a handful of the precious fruits of our labor and throw them in all directions.

Hurray! Finished at last. I was glad we had ten minutes of our lunch hour left. The thoughts of warm Sloppy Joes and tall glasses of milk vanished when Miss Lampman said, "Boys, you wouldn't leave without cleaning up after yourselves, would you?" With that she left the





room for lunch, broom and dustpan under arm. If you've ever picked up eight quarts of paper wads on the classroom floor with your barehands maybe you'll understand why I haven't touched one since.

*Mr Wampler*





# SCIENCE APPLIED

The professor was extolling the virtues of a storage battery. If, when it is run down, you change the flow of electrical current, he said, it becomes charged again. But the most miraculous thing about it is that its length of life can be measured. You can always find out how much longer it will last.

He proceeded to draw a homely illustration from this latter fact. "Wouldn't it be rather nice if that worked with human beings!" he said. "If you tired of your spouse, you could just measure her longevity and find out how much longer you had to stand it."

From that thought-provoking idea he went on with his lecture.

One very brilliant student who leads the class in deriving morals from the lectures revealed to us later the lesson to be learned from that class session.

"For true happiness," he said, "one should marry a storage battery."





# BOYHOOD FRIENDS

Ever since the war between the states, a social sin, racial discrimination, has been increasing in this country, along with religious discrimination and Anti-Semitism. I am definitely opposed to this cancer of society and feel that American communities can exist without practicing racial and religious discrimination. I was brought up to be almost entirely free from racial and religious prejudice, which is practically nonexistent in my home town in northern Maine.

When I was growing up there was, for a considerable portion of my childhood, a Negro family just a few rods up the road from our small country home. It was made up of a Negro father, a white mother, and three children. Needless to say, I played with these children as if they were brothers and sisters as long as I lived near them. When they went to school, there was no whispering behind their backs or reproachful language in front of them.

For the few years that my home was in the country, a French Catholic family lived in the house right next to ours in this little neighborhood. The children in this family, too, though three of them couldn't speak or understand any English became my fast and close friends, along with the Negro children. He made an





interesting play group: three Negro children; three or four black-haired, dark-complexioned French Canadian children; and I, who have Dutch, English, Irish, Scotch, Spanish, and French blood coursing through my veins. We were truly a cosmopolitan melting pot.

When I was in the fifth grade, I struck up a friendship with a Catholic boy with Irish and French ancestry. This boy, who is at present studying for the priesthood, was just about my closest friend through the rest of our years in the hometown schools. Nobody ever told me it wasn't the thing to do to associate with Catholics. Also in our school system, were several Assyrian young people, but there was no discernible discrimination against them practiced by the students. A couple of these were friends of mine in high school, and they were two of the best school citizens we had.

This suppression of discrimination is also practiced by the adults in the town. The two or three Jewish families are headed by respectable businessmen who live in the best residential districts of the town and are respected by their neighbors. The Assyrians in the town are also, for the greater part, in business, and they live in the two "best" residential districts and are accepted in their neighborhoods. The Catholics in the



community, both Irish and French, are to be found in all walks of life, all strator of society, and all the residential districts.

This is a town where racial and religious discrimination is almost nil in the pre-school age groups, throughout the school system, and in the business and social life of this community. Doesn't it seem logical that if democracy will work so decisively well in one community it would work in others?

*Harvard L. Cogswell*







# OFF THE PRESSES

In the city of Quincy, Massachusetts, there is a newspaper called the Quincy Patriot Ledger. It is in this organization that I am earning money to continue my education.

In the press room the man in charge gives commands like a general, and the men respond accordingly. After large rolls of clear white paper and lead molds are placed in their proper positions, the handle of the great transformer starts to move slowly upward, causing the motors to turn slowly. Gradually gaining speed, like a mighty puffing steam engine, the presses start to run. A deafening roar begins to penetrate the whole room as the cutters slice into the thick layers of paper as if nothing could stop them. The clean white sheets of paper, coming from the rolls in the background, are forced to run over the inky type, not knowing what will be advertised, reported, or announced.

Dropping on a moving belt, the finished newspaper is checked for any mistakes in its construction. But where do the papers go from here? Well, once they leave the press, the Circulation Department takes over. And this is where I do my part.

Soon someone gives me a leather glove to put on with



the fingers cut off. Since the press turns every 25th paper diagonal to the others, it is not hard to lift up sections of 25 papers. This is done by the "flier", who is the first man to handle the completed newspapers. He also piles each section on top of another to make a bundle of a hundred, and then each bundle is tied and sent outside to the trucks on a conveyer. Paper tags that we send up with each bundle designate the truck number and the number of papers in the bundle. My job is to do just that: tie up the bundles with the correct number of papers and send them outside on the conveyer.

From a steady speed the press starts to slow down, for there must be more paper put on the rolls.

The 4.7 mile-long paper roll puts out 13,200 papers. But since there are eight pages on a special day (Thursday) and it takes about three roll changes to put out the daily 40,000 newspapers, this means that about 112 miles of paper from the rolls is used each day.

There are two editions, the "Home", and the "Final". While the pressmen change the lead type molds and put on new ones containing the latest news, we get our ropes in order for the trucks in the final section.

Since two boys do most of the tying, I lift only half of all the newspapers put out, about two hundred bundles.



Each one weighs about 10 pounds, and so I lift about a ton of papers per day in about 3.5 hours. A good afternoon's work for a college student.

But after all that's said and one, I feel that I have accomplished something; for when I think of all the people that find the Quincy Patriot Ledger in their homes, I say, "What a job this is!"

*Robert A. Bauman*







# BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP

Because the name given to a laboratory trip was "field trip" I always thought only in terms of fields, woods, and swamps. When Prof. Sabcock announced that our biology class was going on a field trip to the Peabody Museum I was quite concerned for I couldn't see how a field trip could be in a museum. I concluded that it must be an out-place with all types of plants.

The day finally came when we were to go on this trip. At one o'clock sharp we were to meet in front of the Administration Building. Here we waited. We stood, chatted, and gossiped for one-half hour before the professor came. Upon his arrival we piled into any of the three cars and station wagon which were to take us to Peabody, Massachusetts, I thought.

I was in John Carlson's car and here I learned that we were going to a regular, common, everyday museum at Harvard University. It was inside, too. It wasn't in Peabody either; that was just the founder's name so I concluded that I was in for a dull afternoon.

When we arrived at the museum we found that one car was missing. Of course this meant nothing. They had just got separated and would find us later. That was what had happened, but the group caught us even before we started in.



First of all we were shown and had explained a large number of glass flowers and plants. These had been made either to exact scale or the same size as the original. They looked so real that many of us could hardly believe they were not. But Prof. Babcock said they were glass, so we took his word.

From flowers we moved on to fossils. We were supplied with a sermon along with the explanation of these petrified plants and animals. Some of them were extremely minute and others were enormous. It must have been quite an earth when all these creatures roamed around on its surface.

Like playing follow-the-leader the whole class trooped around, up and down aisles, between show cases after our Prof. We followed him through rooms full of birds and animals which had been stuffed, under skeletons of whales and dinosaurs, and finally came to a room with several stuffed animals with the skeleton of each beside it.

Here we stopped. Professor Babcock spied a human skeleton beside that of an ape. A long disertation followed. While about one-third of the class roamed around the room he explained the difference between relatives and ancestors. "The ape is a relative but not an ancestor."

By this time it was fast approaching four-thirty.

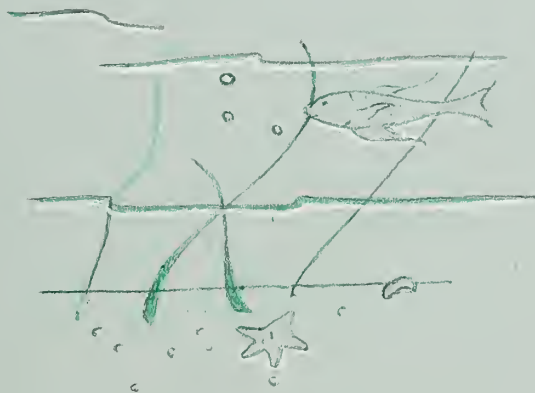




As we moved on to the next room, that is, as we were supposed to move on, we had to pass a stairway. The seven of us who came with John quietly slipped down the stairs as the rest passed on to learn more about mummies.

Thus ended my first biology field trip. We did have a nice ride back to school.

*Gerald Cook*





# OLD NORTH CHURCH

The Old North Church of Paul Revere fame provides an excellent place to spend a Sunday morning. The worship service begins at 10:45, but if you go at 10:30 you will hear the peal of bells cast in England in 1744 and said to be the only set of bells in the world that ever came out of the molds in perfect tune. Their total weight is 7,272 pounds.

Upon entering, you find a church which is very different from modern churches. The first thing you notice is that instead of having long benches with backs the pews are little boxes which seat about four people. The usher takes you to one of the boxes, unlatches the door, then latches it again after you have been comfortably seated. These box pews are the highest in the country. You may find that the very pew you are now sitting in was once occupied by Paul Revere or Theodore Roosevelt. As you sit in your box-pew you will hear the melodious strains of the organ coming from the oldest organ ever built in this country. It dates back to 1759.

When the service comes to a close one of the old members takes the visitors to the front of the church where he relates many of the historical facts and legends connected with the church. It will amaze you to know that over a thousand persons are buried in ancient tombs



under the church. If you took Holy Communion you now find that you knelt at the same chancel rail at which President James Monroe knelt when he received the sacrament in 1817. It will thrill you to hear that the communion service - two flagons, paten, alms basin, and the very chalice from which you yourself drank - was the gift of King George II in 1733. Standing in the niche that formerly was the window by which the sexton, Robert Newman, escaped after setting the two lanterns of warning in the steeple is the bust of General George Washington. General Lafayette visited the church in 1824 and was asked if it was a good likeness of Washington. "Yes," he answered, "that is the man I knew, and more like him than any other portrait."

Next you cross the courtyard to the parish. Here you are given piping hot coffee and delicious cookies. The people, though, are so friendly and cordial that you almost forget about your coffee.

Then the real thrill comes. You now undertake the long ascent into the 175 foot steeple. As you start you read a sign that says you continue at your own risk. And oh, brother, that is exactly what it means! The stairs are old and rickety. You expect them to collapse at any moment under your weight. The steps are so narrow that





you can hardly get enough footing to support your body. The way becomes darker and darker as the lights become fewer and fewer, and yet, the challenge to reach the top draws you higher and higher.

Now you pass an oval-shaped window. It is so filthy it sifts out the light. Now you see those famous bells. They are dirty and ugly. But after all, who sees them? Very, very few people. Only those who venture up the steeple. Now the way becomes really hard. You have to duck so that your head won't hit the huge beams. You step over rafters. Next you come to a stretch of stairs that seems suspended in mid-air. Nothing is on either side of you but space. You proceed slowly, slowly. No, don't place your foot there. It isn't strong enough to hold you. A little more to the left. There, that's fine. In the middle of the stretch of "hanging stairs" you look down, but your head quickly snaps upward. It is frightening to look down for it is such a long way to the bottom and there is nothing about you or under you but dark, gloomy air. You hesitate. Then you see something that makes you hurry onward - the top. Another turn or two and you are on the small platform looking out over Boston - north, south, east, and west. Beautiful sight! There before you is the great city of Boston, her historical



suburbs, the harbor, the rivers, and the ocean. After stretching your neck and straining your eyes in order to see all, you turn and carve your name on the ancient timbers in the highest part of the steeple that you can reach. There they will remain until the whole historic building crumbles with age.

*David Johnson*





# Join Now!

Paul Revere rode through Lexington one night hollering something about the British coming. So Great-great-great-great-grandpa jumped out of bed, yawned, pulled on his clothes, picked up his gun and became a soldier. It took him only a minute to become a soldier, so he was called a Minuteman.

A few years later, every town square had a notice tacked up in some prominent place reading: "Wanted, Soldiers to fight Rebels. Apply 123 Fourth Street." Great-grandpa, who was either in town to sell some pigs or to see his lady friend, glanced at the poster and continued on his way to the pig market. He didn't get much for his pigs, so he blamed it on the war, and ambled on down to his lady friend's house. To his surprise, someone else's horse was hitched outside! Suspicious, he peeked through a window and saw, to his dismay, Lady Friend sitting on the piano bench with a handsome young man--in a blue uniform! Gloomily Grandpa climbed on his pig wagon and started back to the farm, a crushed man. On his way out of town he saw, once again, the poster on the pole. As he read it he thought to himself, "By crackey, I'll go fight them thar' rebels!" Then he further reflected, "Wait till she sees me in a uniform."





So he went down to Fourth Street and picked up his blue uniform and became a soldier.

A few years later, Great-Grandpa, who got the girl, had a son, Grandpa. Grandpa went to high school and finished the eleventh grade. He would have gone back for the twelfth grade if some Germans hadn't sunk a passenger ship named The Lusitania which carried some Americans. He had studied history, had kept abreast of the current news, and considered himself a political expert. His views were a bit idealistic.

"This," he would answer to those who mentioned the Lusitania Affair, "is the last straw."

With echoes of "The war to end all wars" in his ears he marched to the harbor and boarded a ship, while crowds cheered from the sidewalks, and the bands blared, "Till Johnny comes marching home again."

Grandpa Johnny did come home again and had a son, Dad. Dad was fortunate. He was too young to fight in the Second one. He kept the home fires burning by taking first aid instructions every Thursday night, and when the blackout whistle blew every other Tuesday night at 9:35 p. m., he would don his white helmet and white arm band and patrol the streets, daring anyone to make a light.



Big Brother wasn't old enough to join the army on the eighth of December, 1941, or he would have. Instead, he had to wait until he was seventeen years old. The agony of his not being old enough was intensified by giant billboards, which depicted a handsome G. I. fighting off dozens of ugly foreigners. There was always a dark-haired beauty standing behind him, obviously a foreign princess or queen, holding an infant in her arms. Huge letters under the heart-rending picture would scream, "YOU are needed to help!" To add more anguish to his tortured soul, all the comic strip heroes joined the service. Cowboy movies were old-fashioned and war stories became the vogue. Big Brother idolized anyone he saw in a uniform, and could tell what every stripe and badge meant, from a five-star general's to a buck private's.

At last he became seventeen, old enough to join the army. He put away his wagon used for hauling scrap metal, his rake used for weeding the Victory Garden, and his stack of comic books used for inspiration.

He wrote home, "...Here I've been in the army a month and haven't even seen the ocean yet..."

After the war Big Brother was discharged from the army, and life became normal again. Another war



flurried up and died down, but Big Brother was an old veteran now, and didn't let it bother him.

No one else seemed to be thinking about being a soldier either. The army personnel tried to stir up interest in the armed forces, but the young men had interests in other places. They enjoyed the comforts of home--hot rods, jazzy clothes, and--be bop.

Finally one military genius decided that it might be possible to make the army fit their tastes. So a new plan was put into effect: the uniforms were re-fashioned. Bright orange scarves replaced the dull necktie, and the drab olive suit was replaced by a snappy blue outfit. It was finally decided that since young men watch television, the best way to reach them was through that medium.

Little Brother, who was just at the right age to join an army, sat in his living room one night watching Jazzbo Moore and his Be-Bop Four on television. Suddenly the picture flashed to a handsome master sergeant, who smiled in a masculine sort of way, and said,

"Jack, you're not in it, you're just not in it. I mean you're really not in it unless you belong to the United States Army. It's real nervous!!"





Little Brother sat up with a start. "Man," he exclaimed, "this boy is hip."

"Don't be cornball," continued the voice, "slide into those cool blue threads and really Go!!!"

"George," mused Little Brother, "this is real crazy."

The cincher came in the form of a short skit featuring a girl, who pushes her civilian escort away, and starts out after a soldier, saying to her former escort, "Get lost, Daddy-O, don't bother me, the U S Army really sends me. Man, it's real gone."

Little Brother jumped from his chair and dashed out to the kitchen to inform his mother that he had decided to become attached to the armed forces.

The military genius is back at work again. After all, the army has to be ready when Baby Brother becomes old enough to join.

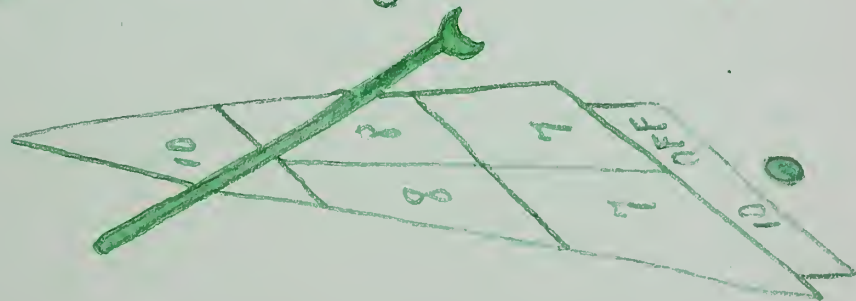
*Frank Herman*





"Let the words of my mouth  
be acceptable in thy sight"

Psalm 19:14





# My E.N.C.

E. N. C. has always been mine. From the now-forgotten Mansion driveway to the never-never land of Ad building third floor to the ever-muddy athletic field, she belongs to me. There has never been a time in my life when I did not know E. N. C. I have ridden her "shady walks beneath the foliage" in a wicker stroller. I have toddled through her campus on the unsteady legs of a two-year-old. Scarcely has a commencement gone by that my family and I have not made the pilgrimage back to E. N. C.

My possessive feelings do not arise just from my personal contacts with E. N. C. My father and mother attended and were graduated from this college. Most of my teachers now were classmates or teachers of my parents. Mother's and Dad's tales of E. N. C. have been an integral part of my life.

My close affiliation with this campus goes back still further. My grand-aunt attended the Quincy Mansion School for Girls, a school which occupied our campus before E. N. C. did.

No wonder Eastern Nazarene is so much mine. I am the third generation of my family to be on her campus to seek an education. Truly my heritage and the challenge it presents are great.

*Mamie Lockwood*





# THEN AND NOW

The first time I arrived on the campus of E.V.C. I was filled with awe, wonder, and excitement. It was all a big question mark: the mailbox on the corner, the Administration Building, Munro Hall, the church, the Mansion, and in the background the Manchester, the Canterbury, and Memorial Hall. I was visiting with a caravan and learned the names of the buildings, but they had no special meaning for me.

Now, as I come around the corner the mailbox reminds me that I haven't written to my parents this week. I wonder whether there is a box for me in the basement of the Ad Building. Oh, I see there's a light in the lab. That's where I first dissected a frog. I walk a little farther and surmise that my roomie is in the library because the light is out in our room. The church has special significance, and many odd thoughts run through my mind as I see the Mansion and the Manchester. The Canterbury suggests that someone might be practicing his music lesson. Lastly, I see Memorial Hall. I wonder if the bugout is open. I need stamps, and if the bookstore is open I'll run over and get a package of notebook paper. All these thoughts are running through my mind as I walk across campus to my room.

Seven months ago those buildings were just names to me. Now, each has a special significance.

*Ethel Rose McKenzie*



# My Wonderful Friends

College friends are such wonderful things to have; at times.

While at home, I never bothered much when Mom would make cookies, but now they are an unusual luxury. Every day after fourth period class I hurry expectantly over to the corner where the prize packages await eager hands and hungry stomachs. This process may go on for two weeks or so, but finally the big thrill comes when down at the bottom of the pile there is a box with my name on it. What a joy to know that the folks at home still think of me!

With a new spring in my heels I trot up to my room. But alas, on the way my friends spy me with the box. "Hey Dave, did you get a box from home?" So, like a pack of hungry wolves they follow me up to my room. As I break the string and rip off the paper, the fellows gather around eyeing the package with envy. The fudge and assortment of cookies are no sooner laid out on the desk than the fellows tear into them. I can only stand back in utter astonishment. "Haven't these fellows ever had cookies or fudge?" I ask myself.

I finally succeed in grabbing a few cookies and hiding them behind some books. Before long, everything has been devoured and the crumbs are left strewn



all over my floor and bed. In a matter of minutes the boys finish eating the things that took Mom hours to make.

I then sit down and thank her for the delicious goodies which I barely tasted.

Alas, such is life at Eastern Nazarene College.

*Dave L. Allen*



Studying:

The intellectual's  $H_2O$

A past time of no consequence or entertainment

The date-breaker's perfect excuse

The "better half" of college life.

*Mary Lockwood*





# DEATH OF A SODA JERK

Freshman week had more surprises for me than I had anticipated. Being through the mill of initiation day was a mild experience in contrast to my helping out in the Dugout the first week college resumed. This is what happened.

While engrossed in the duty of waiting on customers, I saw a pleasant-looking girl approach the counter. "I'll have an orange soda," she requested. For a minute I was flabbergasted because I didn't know how to make sodas thus far. I jumbled around like an undecided woman buying a hat. Regaining my senses, I began my major operation for the day - that of making an orange soda. Taking a milkshake container, I first put in it a limited amount of soda water, then I added a scoop of ice cream. After mixing up this concoction, I breathed a sigh of relief as I poured the ingredients into a paper cup thinking that I had successfully completed the task. To my amazement I saw the bewildered look on the customer's face.

"This isn't an orange soda!" she uttered.

"You ordered an orange soda, didn't you?" I replied half nauseated.

"I wanted a bottle of orange soda," she said.

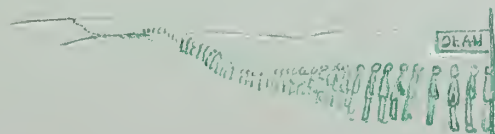
*Gerry S. Hook*



# LINES, LINES, LINES

For me registration was only a series of confusions. Even an hour before the registrar's office was opened the students had formed a long line. After two long hours of developing hardening of the arteries, I completed my first journey to the registrar's office. I was handed a book in which I wrote my autobiography. When I entered my adviser's office he was running back and forth as if warming up for Sadie Hawkin's day. After my adviser gave his approval, he signed his John Hancock on my autobiography. After this I entered the line to the Dean's office. I waited there for a long time. When I had come within three students of seeing him, he came out and told us that he was tired and had better go to lunch. After dinner I received his approval only to find myself in another line, and after a few more lines I was prepared for the climax for that day. I entered the employment office and tried to convince them that I had been loyal to my previous creditors and that I would be sure to pay my bill. They finally released me because I didn't look suspicious. Then I ran fast to get in the line for supper.

*Robert Lynch*





# THE RIVALS

Cheers vibrated, balloons fluttered hither and yon and the band blared. The score was tied and once again E. N. C.'s All-Stars endeavored to defeat the Gordon five. Twice a year these foes meet on the basketball court. Each time the games become more thrilling.

I was about to cheer when the first trumpeter of our robust band blurted, "Who's gonna win?", right in my ear. Three balloons burst right in my face, and when I yelled "Down Boy" to the intruder, he promptly repeated the procedure only this time with much more gusto than before.

I happened to be wearing my one and only Sunday Derby, when I leaned over the railing of the upper tier. "Kerplop" right into the basket for two points went my \$2.50 treasure. After the tumult created by this unfortunate accident ceased, I retrieved my rather battered yet still elegant show piece from the dusty gym floor.

Sweat ran, shouts echoed and finally the fateful "Blaaaa..." of the buzzer signified that the game had ended. Bewildered, hoarse, and suffering from battle fatigue, I staggered out of the litter-filled gym. I hardly realized that my Alma Mater had won. What a game! I can still hear the shouts and the blaring of our stout band. All that I had strength enough to say was "Hurrah for Nazarene."

*John Carlson*





# MANSION ADVENTURE

Just as Tom Sawyer so often felt the call to adventure, so do the daring young Mansion lads, full of wit and humor, who frequently get into trouble with their Aunt Polly, the Dean.

About three weeks ago when I was returning to my room from work, I found a group of the boys in a very hot discussion. At first I couldn't make much sense out of what they were saying, except that one fellow said something about an old tunnel in the basement that had been sealed shut a few years before. Later I found out that there had been a tunnel leading from the basement of the Mansion to the bay, and another leading to a house a few blocks away. This tunnel was supposed to have been used by slaves trying to escape into Canada back about the time of the Civil War.

After discussing the matter of the tunnel for some time, one of the guys came to the conclusion that since there was a tunnel leading from the Mansion, and there is evidence of such, there might be secret passageways in the walls. Our wild search began and it lasted until 4 o'clock the next morning. The Mansion was searched from the roof to the cellar, fireplaces were given a thorough check, and all the walls were tapped for hollowness. While tapping the walls we noticed that



one-half of them sounded empty. Immediately bedlam broke out, as the boys tried with all their efforts to find an entry into what they thought were hidden passageways. Finally after hours of search they discovered that in the one closet there was a very weak and hollow-sounding side. Carefully they removed the side, and peered into the open space with amazement. They found to their surprise that between the ceiling of one room and floor of the one directly above, there was a three or four foot gap; and that between the outer wall of the Mansion and the inner one, there was a space two feet wide. In other words someone could go all the way around the Mansion in the wall.

Actually there were no secret passageways found, but a discovery had been made, and the boys' thirst for adventure was satisfied. The fellows immediately put the side of the closet back in place, and with it closed the story of the hunt for the unknown.

*Tom Shew*





# ODE TO E.N.C.

College -

A place where we come to get educated;  
Where theorems and laws are quite often stated.

A place where teachers both jolly and stern,  
Try very hard to get us to learn.

A place where we have many different classes;  
The girls chase the boys and the lads chase the lasses.

A place where we register at a very slow rate;  
The end of the line if you get there late.

A place where the library we often visit;  
But talking to George isn't studying, is it?

A place where rush day's a gala affair;  
Inside the gym, hold onto your hair.

A place where chapel comes three times a week;  
Where strength from the Lord we go to seek.

A place where Western Div. we dread to be taking;  
We study until our poor brains are aching.

A place where societies - four in all -  
Have Friday nights a regular ball.

A place where the dining hall takes a beating;  
But we can't wait to get there when it's time for eating.

A place where revivals are held twice a year;  
The memories of which we hold very dear.

A place where green foliage the campus enhances;  
Where lads and lasses have youthful romances.

A place where seniors we long to be;  
The time finally comes - can it possibly be?

And soon college life is over - but then  
We can recollect and remember when.

We were freshmen - oh glorious past;  
Now then we will wish that these days could last!

*Pat North*









# GUEST LOG

<i>Hard Albright -</i>	Springfield interests, Peggie's brother
<i>Charles Allen -</i>	"Charlie", friendliest, hard (?) campus worker
<i>John Allen -</i>	off campus, married man, quiet
<i>Josephine Amick -</i>	Zeta cheerleader, 4th floor bender girl
<i>Delores Anderson -</i>	"Dee", "Nevic's secretary", beautician
<i>Ronald Bambling -</i>	Joy, big tease, Zeta basketball fan
<i>Robert Bachman -</i>	most talented, quartet, reserved
<i>Norma Beaver -</i>	a smile for everybody, short hair cut
<i>Thelma Benner -</i>	4th floor gang, kinda "punchy"
<i>Doris Biggs -</i>	all star athlete, one of the "Big Three"
<i>Vera Back -</i>	reliable, "Love ya' like a hole in the head"
<i>Patricia Bonner -</i>	friendly smile, nice to be around
<i>Shirley Bonnette -</i>	4th floor Munro, pleasant smile
<i>Don Booth -</i>	prexy of freshman class, Delta player
<i>Virginia Bower -</i>	pleasant smile, cordial
<i>Ruth Bray -</i>	petite Miss, vivacious Ka pa cheerleader
<i>Marvin Buehl -</i>	chapel lover, southern accent



# GUEST LOG

Edward Burke -	Eddie, Delta fan, friendly "hi"
Francis Burke -	Dave, Eddies' twin, Long Islander
John Busley -	quiet, crew cut, ex G. I.
June Burton -	sports, quick smile, Gene
Kathleen Butts -	nice smile, effervescent miss, Katie
Charles Caldwell -	Zeta basketball, Saxophone "par excellence"
Donna Casler -	dugout clerk, Zeta cheerleader
David Callan -	P.K. from Pa., Dolores, new car
Donald Cook -	off campus boy, eyes that sparkle, e.
Silas Corrie -	Colorado native, descriptive themes
Millie Corrie -	all-star guard, dining hall waitress
John Costley -	letters to Hamilton, top rate floor waxer
James Couchenour -	Kappa athlete, a friend to all
Howard Cogswell -	serious, observing, good student
Nevia Crause -	effervescent wit, our Chaplin, private sec.
Keith Crutcher -	married man, name to live up to
Robert Cubie -	A fighting spirit, Vermont, Kappa football





# GUEST LOG

Fred Culver -	fervent spirit, studious, nice word for all
Jo Ann Deem -	hard worker, pretty red hair
Daniel Dube -	ex G. I., deep thinker, artistic interests
Roland Dunlop -	"rebs" all the time, A Cappella, Maine
Isabelle Duwall -	"Izza", friend to all, waitress
Hayne Edwards -	Zeta enthusiast, scholarship, ping-pong
Helen Fehr -	"John", neat, New York
Marilyn Foss -	hails from Maine, dugout, naturally curly hair
Stuart Fritz -	quiet, loves Greek, campus worker
Ramona Gale -	reserved, one of Prof. Smith's boarders
Carolyn Garlow -	"hi y'all", West Virginia, effervescent
Paul German -	rhetoric themes, good for a laugh
Marilyn Lersick -	witty, "hippity hop", 4th floor gang.
Joyce Giles -	just plain nice, pleasant disposition
Edith Gonterro -	sports enthusiast, kappa
Evelyn Good -	quiet, hails from Maryland, Zeta
Hazel Goodwin -	A's to the end, Spanish and French



# GUEST LOG

Ronald Green-	"Greenie", bashful boy, good nature
James Green-	"Greenie", adds "spark" to happa
Norman Grinnel-	operatic interest, composed
Clyde Haas-	ladies man, crew cut, loyal Sigma
Sandra Hamlin-	"Sandy", "You know?", Western Civ fiend
Merwyn Hassell-	a lot of fun, partnership in "Lomb"
Richard Hauck-	Dick, mannerly, friendly "hi!"
Kenneth Hutton-	jovial, Canadian, ice skater
Ora Hedges-	long tresses, "hi there!"
Eleanor Helmeester-	"Dave", Connecticut, wedding plans
Robert Kersh-	bender kid, kitchen boy
Janice Ineco-	most talented, steady with Peoples
James Irwin	quartet fan, sharp dresser, artistic
"Richard Jarvis"-	quiet, slow and easy
David Johnson-	"Supreme", campus capers
Ada Jones-	9 Elm Ave., sincere, off campus kid
Lois Jeanne Jones-	A Capella soprano, sweet smile



# GUEST LOG

Joan Kehm-	neat, hard worker, second semester
Mark Kahr-	witty, breakfast capers, Penn.
Gregory Keltic-	Ex C. I., conscientious, hard worker
Tony Koury-	chem major, bender boy, convertible
William Grunert-	"Bill", steady worker, sincere christian
Ruth Lyce-	Ralph, good debater, Sigma cheerleader
Robert Landers-	Third floor painter, quiet and studious
Gloria Lantz-	off campus girl, Western Civ whiz
Robert Larson-	Miami sales talk, mischievous brown eyes
William Lauderhill-	crazy, studebaker, "Ellen!"
Maurice Laurie-	kitchen staff, "Duke", collection of books
Margaret Lewis-	Akron, Boston Chapel, assistant "sweet" interests
Nancy Lockwood-	loyal Delta, dimples, off campus
Alice Louchy-	steady worker, "lovely" plus
Ethylene Madony-	"Mrs.", Frieda's sister, reserved
Carol May-	"where's Ma?", 3rd floor bender girl
Ruby Maye-	effervescent, friend to all, loquacious





# GUEST LOG

Ruth Metcalfe-	"...A.", never a dull moment, cheerleader
Ronald Mickel-	an A boy, ping-pong, sense of humor
Ronald Miller-	crew cut, floor polisher, sincere
Myrtle Moore-	Lovia Scotia, "kert", waitress
Jean Moran-	studious, quiet, fun loving
Dorothy Mosbaugh-	"Willow House", car, Penn.
Phyllis Mosgrove-	"my brothers", summer school
Galter Mullen-	most studious, prayer meetings
Vernon Nickerson-	accordion master, artistic, the "uke"
David Mc Grew-	well-liked, life can be exciting
Marylou Mc Lean-	and-first, last and always, marriage
Ethyl Anne McKenzie-	"just checkin'", pass the pretzels
Ruth Norman-	knee socks, bender girl, sloppy dresser
Pat Peck-	"you all", a steady at home, dependable
Harold Parker-	family man, sincere, but jovial
Jean Parker-	seamstress, Mooses' gal, quiet
Richard Parker.	married man, Air force, ministry ahead



# GUEST LOG

Ralph Parry -	"Auth", neat dresser, gas man
Edwin Patmore -	freshman scholarship, gentleman elite
Ray Pauli -	what a laugh! steady back home
Jean Pendleton -	weekend at home, all-star cheerleader
Peggie Phillips -	marriage ahead, Collingdale kid
Ruth Powers -	"My man", in for a good time
Robert Propst -	friendly, softball, Laytheon
Muriel Lyne -	always out for fun, neat as a pin.
Coleman Ryers -	"Mainiac", quiet, congenial
Eldon Rosenberger -	quartet, Bob's room-mate, second tenor
David Rowe -	built, Maine, Blonde
Muriel Saney -	Trinidad, eyes that sparkle, friendly
Donald Schneff -	Shovie, Long Island orderly, "Carol"
Susan Scott	"Susie", nature charm, Miami
James Shuts -	best all around, best athlete
Constance Skillings -	"Beautiful, beautiful brown Eyes"
Gerald Shook -	French enthusiast, quiet, hard worker



# GUEST LOG

<i>Beverly Ameraglia</i> -	Long Islander, married, well-dressed
<i>Charles Ameraglia</i> -	oldsmobile, married life, ministry ahead
<i>D. Nixon Smith</i> -	looks good ? in shorts, Ford convertible
<i>Kenneth Smith</i> -	1st semester student, campus employee
<i>Ira Stanford</i> -	Novia Scotia, cheerful, smile for all
<i>Jane Steinger</i> -	never runs down, giggle, S.S. Class prexy
<i>Victor Stewart</i> -	knows all, likes chemistry, trombone player
<i>Fred Stiles</i> -	Zeta, Laytheon worker, "Good Joe"
<i>Norman Stillman</i> -	Laytheon worker, Ford, "Vet"
<i>Joyce Stoller</i> -	"Joy", petite, "Honnie"
<i>Albert Straw</i> -	church choir bass, chemistry
<i>Naomi Sutton</i> -	"June", deep thinker, friendly
<i>Howard Tattler</i> -	"Wanna hear a joke?", hockey player
<i>Ralph Taylor</i> -	"Laby", Pennsylvania, farms, farms, farms
<i>Mildred Thayer</i> -	effervescent giggle, German class
<i>Walter Tubbs</i> -	"Red", Buicks, serviceman
<i>Frieda Tyzinger</i> -	quiet and reserved, sweet personality





# GUEST LOG

<i>Geraldine Van Dyke -</i>	pony-tail, Hobby, A Capella soprano
<i>James Samples -</i>	disciplined, "Browning" the 2nd
<i>Dale Tanner -</i>	one of "those" painters, A Capella
<i>Blair Ward -</i>	deep thinker, "Lainiac", Supreme
<i>Shirley Watkins -</i>	cute blond, always "Young"
<i>Donna Webb -</i>	bails from Akron, "Lave", unique giggle
<i>David Welch -</i>	math brain, native New Englander
<i>Naomi Kitzel -</i>	night-time snacks, reserved
<i>William Whitehead -</i>	student council repr., well dressed
<i>Waylon Williamson -</i>	versatile, "Veep", best all around
<i>Ella Mae Wilson -</i>	monitor, sincere, "Quiet girls!"
<i>Norma Wilson -</i>	orth of the border, cute blond
<i>Richard Withrow -</i>	sings a mean second tenor, enthusiastic
<i>Curtis Witte -</i>	"Lickey", electrician, water guns
<i>Shirley Wright -</i>	veteran of Okinawa, sincere Christian
<i>Deyll Young -</i>	loyal Zeta, July wedding, talented
<i>Winifred Young -</i>	"Winnie", A Capella, weekends at home



# FRESHMAN POLL





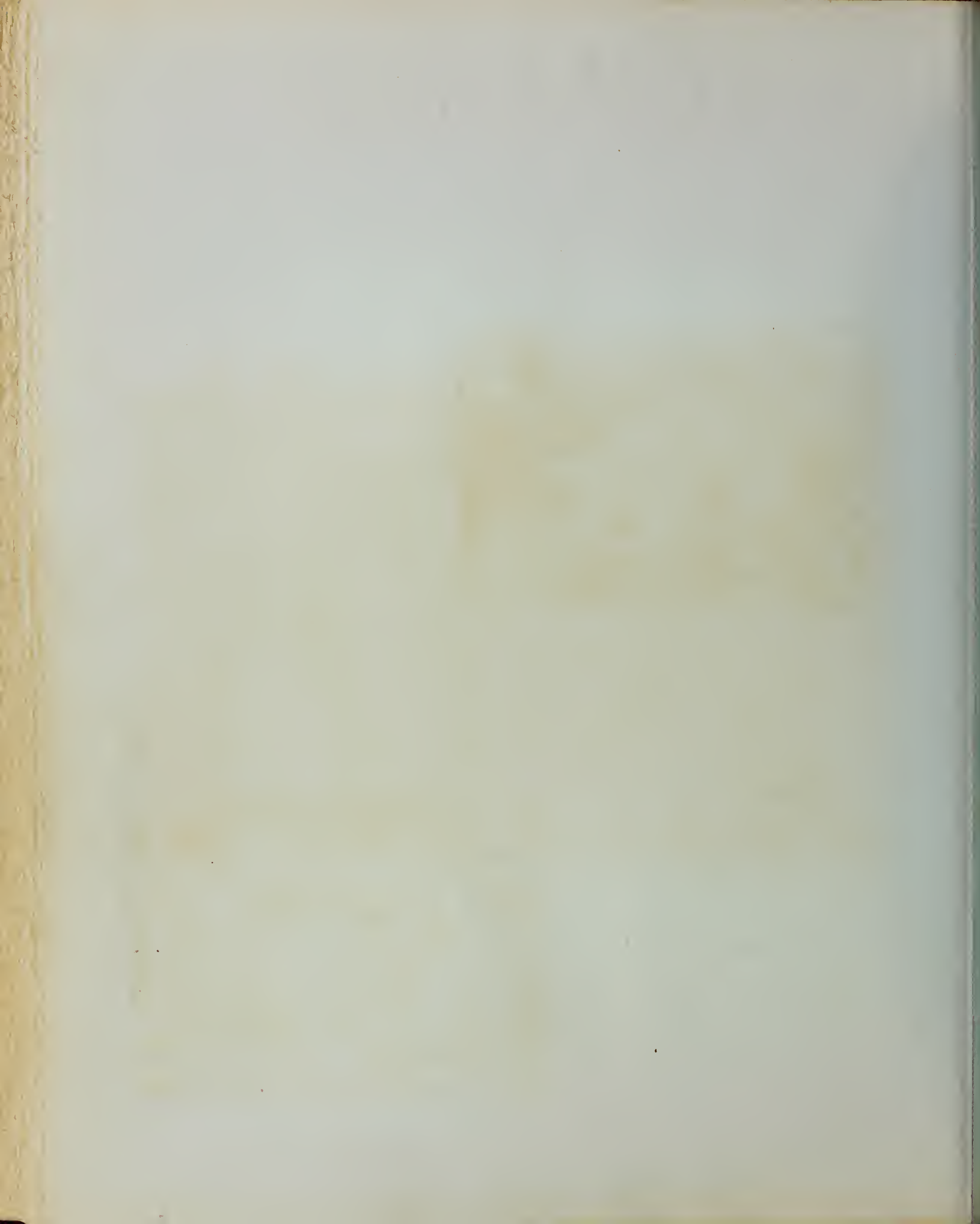


# BEST ALL ROUND



Jim Sheets - Maylou Williamson





# MOST HUMOROUS



*Beverly Wright*



*John Carlson*



# BEST ATHLETE



*Doris Biggs*

*Jim Sheets*







# BENDER KIDS



Bob Hersh

Carol May







# BEST DRESSED



Ruth Norman - Clyde Haas



# MOST STUDIOUS



Walter Mullen-Hazel Goodwin  
Ronald Mickel





# FRIENDLIEST



Ruby Maye - Charles Allen





# HARDEST WORKERS



Walter Mullen

Jo Ann Deem





# MOST TALENTED



*Janice Insko*

*Robert Basham*







# MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED



Edwin Patmore - Hazel Goodwin



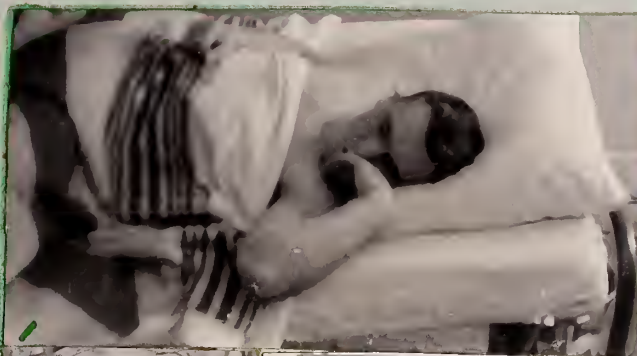


# VOYAGE O VIEWS





1. Sleeping beauty (?)



8. Just Posing!

2. Dig that Hoe!



9. Caught in the act!

3. Studying (?)

4. Singing in the rain!



10. Ambition!

5. Watch out-BOOM!

6. Smile pretty



7. "Baggy Pants"







1. Memories  
set!



2. Parkin'  
up!



4. Acrobat(?)

3. "Our  
Bray" - via  
Fall Party.



5. Hercules-  
Presy



6. "Quiet  
Girls!"



7. "Have  
You Heard?"



8. Cold,  
fast - Can  
heart!

9. Open up!





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- Thank You -











